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## THE NEW UNION DEPOT.

AT LAST THE CITIZENS of Salt Lake may look forward with confidence to the speedy erection of a union depot. In conference with councilmen, officials of both the Rio Grande Western and the Oregon Short Line have given assurances of their readiness to begin construction. The spirit manifested by the Western is specially commendable for an offer was made of a bond of \$100,000, to be forfeited if the construction is not begun within a reasonable time.

The necessity for a union depot in Salt Lake is so apparent that it seems hardly necessary to call attention to it. At present the Short Line is doing business in a ramshackle affair that would be a disgrace to a town of 5,000 people. It is old, but of date, nearly always dirty and altogether unsightly. Strangers who come into the city by way of the Short Line are invariably given an unfavorable impression of Salt Lake because of that depot and its surroundings.

While the Rio Grande Western structure is better than the other, it is not worth bragging about. At least, it is more slightly and the grounds are better cared for and at most it is about good enough for a city one-tenth the size of Salt Lake. Prior to the consolidation of the Rio Grande Western and the Denver & Rio Grande, Salt Lake was the largest city, many times over, reached by that road. It is still far the largest touched by the Short Line. Still, both have neglected the metropolis which has done so much to help them.

All that will be forgotten, though, if the union depot project now so well under way is carried to a speedy completion. The council is willing to give the roads anything in reason they may want in the way of track facilities, and the citizens will cheerfully consent. There should be no hitch on this point. Of course, Salt Lake, even for a union depot, is not going to mortgage itself to the railroads, but they will probably not demand anything unreasonable.

It is a pity the depot is not ready now. More visitors will be here this summer than ever before, and all citizens want them to carry away pleasant impressions. To do this, though, they must shut their eyes until they get up town, and shut them again when they go to their trains. Perhaps by next year the city will have a union depot of which it may be proud, and then no stranger need be blindfolded.

## JOHN SCOWCROFT.

IN THE DEATH of John Scowcroft the state of Utah suffers a genuine loss. In Ogden, where he was best known and best appreciated, his passing will be most keenly mourned, though everywhere in this region deep regret will be felt. In every respect he was an ideal citizen. He possessed the qualities that make for the highest citizenship; he stood for honesty and cleanliness in public affairs, and in the official capacities in which he served the public he always regarded the trust as one to be administered with scrupulous nicety. On his execution he left neither spot nor blemish.

Mr. Scowcroft was essentially a worker. He regarded honest toil as ennobling. In his private affairs as in the public business entrusted to him he was diligent always. Nothing was neglected, nothing slighted, nothing left undone by him. During twenty years of residence in the state he built up a great business and amassed a large fortune that would have been still larger but for the drains upon it by the private private benefactions.

Mr. Scowcroft was one of the men to whom Ogden has owed its progress and prosperity. He believed in the town and even in his last days was planning a great building that will be a monument to his faith in its future. In every aspect he filled the full measure of a man. His private life was as irreproachable as the public side of his career. His standard in everything was high and he lived quite up to it.

## NEW YORK'S "BLUE SUNDAY."

IF A "BLUE SUNDAY" means a day on which the poor man is unable to buy a glass of beer, New York City certainly had one April 6. That is the great trouble with the right enforcement of excise laws. Almost necessarily they become legislation for laboring men can be kept closed, the clubs and saloons, where people of wealth gather, remain open. The laws do not reach all classes alike.

Strange though it may seem to the man of money, the fellow who works for a dollar a day occasionally acquires a taste for intoxicants. He likes to be able to gratify his appetite on Sunday as well as on any other day. The saloon may be closed, but the appetite keeps right on working. Of course, it's wrong. Poor men have no business drinking, because they can't afford it. The little money they have should be spent in supporting their families, or, if they have no families, they should lay something aside for old age.

These are the arguments advanced in the clubs and hotels of New York around tables where the wine flows freely and where any other intoxicant may be easily procured. But can the rich man afford to drink on Sunday any more than the poor man? From the standpoint of mere money he can, but from the moral view he is unspick-

ably guilty. He is not only destroying the constitution which was intended for better purposes, but he is fostering and fomenting discontent and class prejudice, which must inevitably bring about social disorder.

It is better to have all the saloons open on Sunday than to have only a few. The temptation to drink is not lessened by attempts to make drinking impossible. No law has ever been invented that will make it absolutely impossible to secure liquor, and still allow the toper his freedom. If his drink-by-drink supply is shut off on Sunday he manages to take a bottle home with him on Saturday and the Sabbath is turned into a day of debauchery.

That has been the rule elsewhere and it will be the rule in New York if the self-styled reformers continue their blue law enforcement. There, too, they may justly be charged with favoritism, for they make it easy for the rich to drink and hard for the poor.

## THE NEW CHAIRMAN.

THE SELECTION of the Hon. William M. Roylance as chairman of the Democratic state committee could not be bettered. Mr. Roylance is a young man, full of resources and possesses the entire confidence of the people of the state. He has served in various public capacities, and has never proved faithless to a trust nor unequal to any emergency. He is energetic, and is endowed with that peculiar magnetism which enters so largely into every popular public man's success. His selection is an earnest of a lively and aggressive campaign. In the language of the small boy, "there will be things doing" from now on, and Mr. Roylance will be doing them. If there is a man in the state who can lead the Democratic party to victory this fall, it is Mr. Roylance.

## CUBA AND RECIPROCITY.

ON THE PRINCIPLE that "half a loaf is better than no bread," the proposition of Congressman Payne for a 20 per cent reduction of the tariff on Cuban products should be adopted. Nevertheless, the fight for a greater reduction should be continued as long as there is the faintest hope for success. Mr. Payne may or may not have been in a humorous frame of mind when he said that Cuba needed "a little help" at this time. Certainly there is grim humor in the statement and the chairman of the ways and means committee is following out his idea with the utmost literalness. "Certainly it is 'a little help,' a very little help, that 20 per cent reduction. Nor is it altogether certain that Cuba will get even that, for there is much opposition among the Republicans to the small concession. One prominent member of the senate is quoted as saying: "We have done enough for Cuba. It is time for her to take care of herself." He altogether overlooks the fact that in taking care of Cuba through reciprocity the country as a whole will receive more than it gives.

In spite of the uproarious protests made by the beet sugar interests, Cuba does not and cannot raise enough sugar cane or make enough sugar to seriously interfere with the industry in the United States. Fair-minded representatives of the beet sugar trust, and Mr. Oxenard is not included in this description, have admitted that free raw sugar from Cuba would not have the effect of unsettling prices to a noticeable degree. And if it did, the people would be the gainers, for the people are paying the present tax on sugar.

Within a few weeks the island republic will enter upon organized existence. It is to be handicapped at the outset by a utter unwillingness on the part of a country to foster and protect its trade. That seems to be the Republican plan. And those same Republicans would deny to Cuba the right to negotiate reciprocity treaties with other countries. They would say to Cuba: "You shall not bring your goods here, and you shall not sell them elsewhere."

No such dog-in-the-manger policy should be tolerated. The United States and Cuba occupy the same relative positions as those of a man and a child in a desert country. The man finds the child perishing and he brings it to the very edge of civilization. Has he done his full duty if he pats the child down there and tells it he has done enough? The idea is absurd.

Only a small percentage of the people who take civil service examinations and pass them successfully get positions. This should teach us that the man who stays out of official life is nearly always better off in the end than those who go into or try to go into it.

Buffalo Bill's show is going to Europe while the Barnum & Bailey circus visits this country. It wouldn't do to have both on the other side of the water at the same time. The world might tip up.

An effort is being made to abolish the Glasgow barmoid. If it is successful the temperance people will have every reason to rejoice for the sale of intoxicants should show a decided falling off.

Riding an avalanche would hardly furnish Mayor Thompson a thrill, in view of his recent experience, but the miner who made the trip seems to have thought it worth reporting.

Those Russian students who spoke saucily about the czar have been exiled from Russia. If they believe what they said, the punishment should not grieve them so very much.

Prince Henry didn't like our canvas back ducks, but he isn't complaining on that account. He found enough other things that suited him.

The conference storm was somewhat late in arriving, but when it did get here it was all the most exacting could desire.

Notice has been given the negroes in Lawton, Okla., to emigrate at once. They might try Massachusetts.

Clyde Felt has about succeeded in convincing the police that Collins did not commit suicide.

## Society

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Reed Smoot last night in honor of the officials of the Mormon church and their immediate families. The home of Mrs. C. A. Eldredge was the scene of the affair, and the beautiful parlors were decorated artistically for the occasion. Before the large picture of Mr. Eldredge was placed a jar of American Beauties, and red and white carnations were used to decorate the parlors. The tables were spread in the library and dining room and the decorations were daffodils and narcissus. The guests numbered about forty-eight, and the evening was enjoyed as only such a reunion can be.

The ball given by the United Commercial Travelers last evening was a great success. The enlarged orchestra furnished delightful music, and a banquet which would delight the heart of any traveling man was spread on the stage adjoining the hall. The hall was beautifully decorated with white, yellow and blue bunting, while numerous potted plants and cut flowers were used effectively. A large and enthusiastic dancing crowd kept the merriment up till a late hour.

Miss Bessie Davis Ames entertained the D. club at dinner at the Tavern last evening. Those present were Misses Helen Hahn, Edith Lowther, Helen Maclean, Evelyn Mason, Marion Jones, Clella McCready, Lucy Gaby, Zeta Morris, Dorothy Marguerite Taylor, Mabel Dalley, Edith E. Davis and Mr. Nick Smith.

Mrs. John Felt was the hostess at another delightful Kensington yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Joseph Howell of Wellsville, who is her guest.

Mrs. W. A. Nelden, who has been spending some time in the east visiting her old home, returned yesterday.

Miss Isely of Provo has been spending the week's vacation in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. William J. Stuart, who has been the guest of Mrs. C. D. Moore for the past three months, left last evening for her home in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. T. D. Ryan and son of Ogden spent Saturday with Mrs. Joseph Young.

Mrs. C. A. Tripp is in Colorado, the guest of Governor and Mrs. Orman.

Mrs. E. E. Corfman of Provo is the guest of Mrs. E. Wedgwood.

Miss Julia Marks returned to her home in Ogden yesterday morning, after a short visit here.

Mrs. Hoyt Kennedy will entertain this afternoon at an informal affair in honor of Mrs. Boggs of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. David Evans gives a card party this afternoon in honor of Mrs. H. E. Rogers of Buffalo, who is her guest.

This evening at the home of Mrs. W. L. White occurs the wedding reception of Miss Lizzie Silverwood to Mr. Leon S. Simpson.

The meeting yesterday of the program committee for the next meeting of the state federation was one of preliminary business alone. Many suggestions for the topics for discussion were received, but no matter as to detail was settled. The greater number of the clubs heard from, however, seemed to favor the discussion of sociological questions. A proposition to have some noted speaker from abroad was received favorably.

The State Council of Women will meet in the Assembly hall at 11 o'clock this forenoon.

The Frawley company started the week's repertoire with the ever-popular play, "Secret Service," one of the few successful war dramas of the present day. It is the play that made Gillette famous, and is doing good service for Frawley. It was put on in a very creditable manner and ran so smoothly throughout that it is doubtful whether many people in front were aware of the fact that a change had been made in the cast.

But such was the case, for, owing to the sickness of one of the players, at the last moment Frank Mathieu was called on to play the part of Benton Arrelford, the confederate secret service man, while Reginald Travers stepped into the character of Henry Dumont of the United States secret service. Both actors did so exceptionally well that it is hard to believe that they are new to the parts.

Of course, interest centers in the character of Captain Thorne, the gallant and fearless agent of the northern secret service, who mixes love and war in a wondrous way. In the play, in Edith Varney, his southern sweetheart, whose love for the northern spy leads her into embarrassing situations, which follow one another with astonishing persistency almost to the final drop of the curtain. William Gillette, however, was too much of a gentleman to allow such a charming girl to suffer long, so, in a way that is thoroughly Gilletteque, he arranges matters just in time to send everyone away feeling good.

Mrs. Frawley and Miss Van Buren, in these two roles, carry the sympathy and attention of the audience. Mr. Frawley is stoical, brave and full of expedients, while Miss Van Buren is handsome, sympathetic and altogether pleasing.

There have been many Caroline Mitfords, and it is hard to disassociate them from the part, but Miss May Buckley, one of Mr. Frawley's recent acquisitions, gives an impersonation of the part that is entirely satisfactory. She invests it with a delicious girlishness that is extremely taking, and her scenes in the telegraph office are artistic in the extreme. Phoebe McAllister can always be relied upon to get the best there is out of any part, and her portrayal of Mrs. Varney is no exception.

H. S. Duffield is a capital general, and Benjamin Howard makes a handsome and manly son as Wilford Varney. Two well sustained character parts are Jonas and Martha, two negro house servants, played by Wallace Shaw and Christine Hill. A crowded house was in attendance. "Secret Service" will be repeated tonight.

Inclement weather caused a slight falling off at the Grand last night, where "The Chimes of Normandy" was given its seventh hearing. Tonight will be the last opportunity to hear the opera in this city.

The Press Agent.  
(Judge.)

Basanio—What is the matter with Blue-John tonight?

Blatney—The press agent has published a story about his extreme modesty and he is trying to act the part.

Where They Live.  
(Smart Set.)

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, where do those pessimists that we are always reading of live?

Professor Broadhead—On an island of gloom in the midst of a sea of woe.

## WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY.

Some Pithy Stories Told About the Savants at the Capital.

(New York World.)

"How are you coming on now?" asked a friend of ex-Senator Pettigrew, who is here and who made a large sum out of the absorption of the Burlington line and has since largely added to his fortune by oil investments.

"Oh," said Mr. Pettigrew, "I found that there is but one step between poverty and plutocracy, and so I took that step."

An old schoolmate of Senator Mason met him on the street one day last week and asked him what he was doing.

"Why, I am in congress now," replied Mr. Mason.

"Yes, I know; but what are you doing?"

"I am trying to make a living in an honest way," said Senator Mason.

"Well, you shouldn't have much trouble," observed the schoolmate. "I don't think you encounter the slightest competition."

A constituent of one of the Virginia representatives took his first trip to Florida a short time ago. Today the representative received a glowing letter from the constituent telling of his experiences.

"I am down here in Florida," he wrote, "and I am having a great time. At the hotel they gave me the finest room you ever saw, and just off it is a bathroom that is simply great. It has a shiny white tub and silver-plated trimmings, and it looks so fine I can hardly wait until Saturday night."

Senator "Joe" Blackburn of Kentucky is always an orator, whether he is "good morning" or talks for three hours. Last Friday he spoke in the senate and with much gravity and great declamatory effect said:

"Mr. President, I move that the senate do now adjourn until Monday at the hour of 12 o'clock noon."

President Frye said to Blackburn as the senators were leaving the chamber:

"What was that motion of yours was about?"

"Relieved," roared Blackburn. "I do not understand."

"Why," said President Frye, "I was afraid when you stated your motion going to move to impeach the president."

J. Edward Liddick's announcement that he has built a stone wall around Delaware reminded Senator Burrows of the time Senator Eli Sausbury, from that state, had a few words in the senate with the late John J. Ingalls of Kansas.

Sausbury had invested in some Kansas bonds that were repudiated and he naturally did not think well of the state. He arose and spoke for an hour to express his opinion of Kansas. When he had finished he had denounced the people, the climate, the state and about everything else in the state.

Senator Ingalls uncoiled himself from his chair and arose. In mock humility he commented on the rebuke Kansas had received. Then he began a panegyric on Kansas, the honor of which he sent into the chamber and held the galleries entranced. It was one of the most eloquent speeches ever made by Ingalls. He went back to the days of the Missouri compromise and reviewed the history of Kansas, dwelt on the soldiers the state furnished for the civil war and swept down to the date on which he was talking. He stopped at a moment, looked at Sausbury and said:

"And, Mr. President, this is the state that has been assailed in this chamber by a man who represents in part—in part, Mr. President—a state which has two counties when the tide is up and three when the tide is down."

Sausbury had nothing more to say.

Colonel J. H. Lewis of Washington state is in town. A stranger met him and said:

"Why, Colonel Lewis, how much you look like Senator Clark of Montana?"

"Huh!" replied Lewis. "I'm getting tired of having people tell me I look like Clark. I want you to understand I look like this—I he swept his hand up in front of his pink whiskers and his flowing hair—and if Senator Clark doesn't stop going around looking like me I will have him charged with my debts as a proper penalty for borrowing the plumage of greatness."

Representative Shattuck of Ohio, who wears the most brilliant waistcoat in congress, yesterday received a copy of a German newspaper printed in Pittsburgh. A long editorial article was marked with blue pencil. Shattuck looked at it. He does not read German, but he saw his name sprinkled through it many times, and he concluded it was something nice about himself. He called his stenographer and dictated a flowery letter of thanks to the editor for his "expressions of good will" and invited the editor to come and see him when in Washington. Later he took the paper on the floor of the house. He showed it to several friends. Representative Barthold of St. Louis came along. Barthold glanced at the editorial article and laughed.

"What is it?" asked Shattuck.

"Nothing," said Barthold. "except that the editor roasts the life out of you. He says you are an enemy to freedom and not fitted to be the representative of anything in congress."

Shattuck dashed madly to his committee room.

"Hill," he shouted to his stenographer. "Stop that letter! stop that letter!"

"Can't do it, Mr. Shattuck," the stenographer replied. "I mailed it two hours ago."

Shattuck sank into a chair and swore. "Great Scott!" he said. "What kind of a blithering idiot was that German editor that I am?"

Representative John Wesley Gaines gets his name into the Congressional Record more times than any other man in the house. If he cannot make a speech, he always contrives to ask a few questions when somebody else is speaking.

Representative Lester told Gaines a few days ago that if the Congressional Record ever appeared without Gaines' name, he would take Gaines to New York and buy him the finest dinner the place affords.

Gaines will collect this week. Through some curious lapse of habit, Gaines sat at his desk during the session of Saturday and didn't say a word.

Senator Hawley, who declared in a speech last week that he "would give \$1,000 to get a good shot at an anarchist," subsequently decided to modify his remarks. As the words appear in the congressional Record Senator Hawley said:

"I would give \$1,000 to get a good shot at an anarchist about to commit his particular allotted murder."

Senator Hawley said yesterday that after the attack on President McKinley at Buffalo he bought a revolver, which he carried, not knowing but that if other attempts were made to kill public men.

"My aim may have lost some of its accuracy since the civil war," said Mr. Hawley, "but I believe it is still sufficiently true to hit an anarchist."

CURIOUS COLORED PORTERS.

They Created Consternation on a Sleeping Car.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

A number of Cincinnatians bound for Memphis on the night before Derby day were given an unexpected sensation on an in a sleeping car.

The passengers of the train were a female of uncertain age and somewhat unusual attire. She carried a hand-

bag, which she guarded most carefully. Now and then she opened it to look into its interior, and whenever she moved it she was extremely careful to avoid damaging its presumably fragile contents. During the night the two porters on the car got possession of the handbag. They had previously agreed that it contained drinkables of some sort, but they were determined whatever it contained, to have a look inside. At about 2 a. m. there was a terrific racket, in which the shouts of the alarmed porters mingled with the sound of breaking glassware in the buffet compartment. The two porters fell over each other in their haste to exit from the compartment, and passengers along the whole length of the car thrust their heads from their berths, anxious to know what it was all about. There was a chorus of shrieks and exclamations of alarm when one of the porters shouted:

"Don't get out of your berths. Duh's a snake loose in his deah cah!"

He therefore sought refuge in a vacant upper berth.

The female of mysterious appearance leaped from her berth in debatable at the porters' words, and rushed toward the spot where the disturbance had started. She reached under a seat and pulled out a yard-long snake. Then she coiled it up and down the aisle demanding the return of her valise, and threatening to report every employee of the railroad.

The passengers viewed the spectacle with growing alarm, and a mild-spoken little man in a lower berth begged the lady shivering to keep the snake safely in her grasp. Finally the hand bag was recovered, and the mysterious lady deposited the folded up reptile within its depths. Conductor Pat Fitzgerald, who had been called on as a referee in the difficulty, decided that the lady would have to go back to bed and that the snake, duly inclosed in the hand bag, would have to go to the baggage car.

"I'll take it up forward myself," said he. "Everybody go to sleep. This lady is a snake charmer, but she hasn't got the rest of her stable with her."

Not a Question of Grammar.  
(Albany Journal.)

It was a question of grammar. "Bill A— looks bad," insisted the one who was a stock broker.

"I'll bet you're wrong," said the other.

"I'll take you." And the bet was made. A man who reads a great deal was consulted. "Which is right," he was asked. "Bill A— looks badly" or "Bill A— looks bad?"

The man who reads much strokes his chin, his head is bowed slightly, and his eyes grow small and penetrating. He said slowly: "Now, 'Bill A— looks bad' is bad grammar. 'Bill A— looks badly' is bad grammar. 'Bill A— looks badly' is a question simply of degree."

The stock broker and his friend held a conference. They decided that Bill A— looked neither bad nor badly, but that he looked good.

On the Firing Line.  
(Richmond Dispatch.)

Barlett—Do you know, my friend, that I have become a firm believer in the mysterious transference of impulse? You recall that spring idyl of mine, which you said was inspiration? Well, as I told you before, when I wrote that I was fired by an impulse.

Friend—Yes, I remember.

Barlett—Well, sir, I submitted that inspiration to the editor of the Bombardier, and would you believe it, sir, I was fired again, but this time the editor had the impulse.

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